

Hamorton, Chester Co., Pa.

July 24, 1879.

Mr. Edward A. Phelps:

Dear Sir,

Yours of the 20th was forwarded to me here from the Tribune office, and I thank you for it. I suppose you are the son of your father by his first wife (a noble woman), and if so, I remember seeing you often when a boy. I am glad to know that you are living, and, for your father's and mother's sake, I hope you may be prospered.

I shall endeavor to do justice to every school of Abolitionists. Before receiving your letter I had paid my tribute to your father in one of my Tribune articles not yet printed. He made a great mistake, I believe, in turning against Mr. Garrison, and I suspect he himself saw it before he died. He and others

were beguiled into that blunder by promises  
of their clerical brethren that were never  
fulfilled. They were told that <sup>if</sup> they would  
only cut loose from Garrison and make  
a new Society, the whole church would  
be shortly won over to the cause. But  
not a single clergyman or church member  
was won by that step, and the new  
Society died after a few years, while  
the old one lived to see slavery extermin-  
ated. The accusation against Garrison  
that he was an infidel was false and  
unjust. If they had said that he was  
no longer orthodox, they would have af-  
firmed no more than was true; and  
it would have been equally true if they  
had added that his rejection of or-  
thodoxy grew naturally out of his <sup>Christian</sup> dis-  
gust in finding orthodox theologians  
among the most flippant defenders  
of slavery. Garrison's career, from  
first to last, was marked by "single-  
ness of purpose." He never forsook the

anti-slavery cause for any other, or made it tributary to any private end of his own, and he was willing to work with men of every variety of opinion on other questions.

I hope with you that God will yet raise up some prophets who will show how capitalists and laborers can live together in mutual respect for each other's rights. The questions between them are "at a muddle" at present. The next prophet, I am sure, will not be of the tribe that makes "strikes," but some real worker with a sound head and a good heart. May we ~~not~~ all be ~~able~~ ready to welcome him when he comes.

Yours, cordially,

Oliver Johnson.

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July 24 - 79

to E. A. Phelps